

The history

For what he has he giues, what thinkes he shewes,
Yet giues hee not till iudgement guide his bouny,
Nor dignifies an impare thought with breath;
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous,
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender objects, but he in heate of action,
Is more vindicative then iealous loue.
They call him *Troilus*, and on him erect,
A second hope as fairely built as *Hector*:
Thus saies *Aeneas* one that knowes the youth,
Euen to his ynches: and with priuate soule
Did in great Illion thus translate him to me.

Aga. They are in action.

Nest. Now *Ajax* hould thine owne.

Troy. *Hector* thou sleep'st awake thee.

Aga. His blowes are well dispo'd, there *Ajax.* *trumpets*

Diom. You must no more. *ccase.*

Aene. Princes enough so please you.

Ajax. I am not warme yet, let vs fight againe.

Diom. As *Hector* pleases.

Hect. Why then will I no more,

Thou art great Lord my fathers sisters Sonne,

A couzen german to great *Priams* seede,

The obligation of our blood forbids,

A gory emulation twixt vs twaine:

Were thy commixtion Greeke and Troyan so,

That thou couldst say this hand is Grecian all:

And this is Troyan, the sinnewes of this legge

All Greeke, and this all Troy: my mothers blood,

Runnes on the dexter cheeke, and this sinister

Bounds in my fathers; By Ioue multipotent

Thou shouldst not beare from mee a Greekish member,

Wherein my sword had not impressure made.

But the iust Gods gainesay,

That any day thou borrow'dst from thy mother,

My sacred Aunt, should by my mortal sword,

Be drained. Let me embrace thee *Ajax*:

By him that thunders thou hast lusty armes,

Hector

of *Troilus* and *Cressida*

Hector would haue them fall vpon
Cozen all honor to thee.

Ajax. I thanke thee *Hector*,
Thou art to gentle, and too free a
I came to kill thee cozen, and be
A great addition earned in thy do

Hect. Not *Neoptolymus* so mine
On whose bright crest, fame with
Cries, this is he, could promise to
A thought of added honor, torne

Aene. There is expectance he
What further you will do.

Hect. Weele answer it,

The issue is embracement, *Ajax*

Ajax. If I might in entreatie

Asfeld I haue the chance, I woul

My famous cosin to our Grecian

Diom. Tis *Agamemmons* wish

Doth long to see vnarm'd the val

Hect. *Aeneas* call my brother

And signifie this louing entervie

To the expectors of our Troyan

Desire them home. Giue me thy

I will go eate with thee, and see

Ajax. Great *Agamemnon* con

Hect. The worthiest of them,

But for *Achilles* my owne search

Shall finde him by his large and

Agam. Worthy all armes as

That would be rid of such an en

From heart of very heart, great

Hect. I thanke thee most imp

Agam. My well-fam'd Lord

Mene. Let me confirme my p

You brace of warlike brothers

Hect. Who must we answer?

Aene. The noble *Menelaus*

Hect. O you my Lord, by *M*